

The History of

Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And here is my speech: stand aside, Nobility.

Ho. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not sweete Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, convey my trustfull Queene;
For teares do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as
ever I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine.

Harry, I doe not onely marvell where thou spendest thy time,
but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammo-
mille, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the
more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I have
partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a vil-
lanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether
lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, here lieth
the poynt; why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall
the blessed sonne of heaven prove a micher, and eate Blacke-ber-
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of *England* prove
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to ma-
ny in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient wri-
ters doe report) doth defile? so doth the company thou keepest:
for *Harry,* now I doe not speak to thee in drinke, but in teares;
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes
also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted
in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-
full looke, a pleasing eie, & a most noble carriage, and as I think
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now I
remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lewd-
ly given, he deceives me. For *Harry,* I see vertue in his looks; if
then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree,
then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaffe*,
him keepe with, the rest banish, and tell me now, thou naughty
varlet, tell me, where hast thou beene this month?

Prince.

Henry the Fourth.

Prince. Dost thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for me,
and i'le play my father.

Fal. Depole me, if thou dost it halfe so gravely, so majestically
both in word and matter, hang me up by the heeles for a Rab-
bet-sucker, or a powlters hare.

Prince. Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And heere I stand, judge my masters.

Prince. Now Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from *East-cheape*.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they are false: nay, i'le tickle yee for a
young Prince yfaith.

Prin. Swarest thou, ungracious Boy? henceforth ne'r looke
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace; there is a
dive haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man, a tunne of man
is thy companion; why dost thou converse with that trunk of
humors, that boulding-hutch of beastlineess, that sowlne parcell
of Dropsies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that stuff Cloake-bag
of guts, that roasted Manning-tree Oxe with the pudding in his
belly, that reverent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father Rus-
sian, that vanity in yeares? wherein is he good, but to taste Sack
and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue a Capon
and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein crafty, but
in Villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein wor-
thy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom
meanes your Grace?

Prin. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, *Falstaffe*,
that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou dost,

Fal. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe,
were to say more then I know: that he is old (the more the pi-
ty) his white haire do witnesse it: but that he is (saving your
reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny: if Sacke and
Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry
be a sin, then many an old Oast that I know, is damn'd; if to be
fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to be loved.
No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardol*, banish *Poynes*, but

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